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PARTING.

COME let us shake hands and say good-bye !
 (There is no need to cry :
All the old wounds are healed ; these are but scars.)
Let the meridians rise like iron bars
'Twixt the freed captive and his prison-cell
That he had almost learned to love too well.
 'Twill give his freedom zest ;
I to the east will go, if you go west !

Through various scenes, in storm and sunny weather,
 We've been together ;
Yet now we are to part, and these things seem
The fragments of a dream
Which comes at dawn, vivid, and warm, and still,
Setting the passionate pulses all athrill.
 Such dreams the senses sate ;
Let us awake before it is too late !

We loved, or thought we loved. 'Tis all the same,—
 There's nobody to blame ;
Our wasted tears but briny water were,
Our sighs but empty air,—
All was as idle as a twice-told tale,
And words of yours or mine cannot avail,
 Or restitution make.
It was—it is—'twill still be a mistake.

CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN.